SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Forget not the Dead.

Forget them not, though now their name
In but a sacred sound is known;
Oh, never from our memories,
The loved of by-gone years shall fade.
Though sleeping in the quiet earth,
In mercy robes of light array'd,
They rove almost from sphere to sphere,
In search of new delights, and still
A scourer, deeper pleasures there
Awaits them, than where'er they will—
One whisper'd wish here, they never cast
One regret thought to this lone earth,
From which their joyous spirits passed.
Kindling in their new birth.

Yet never from our thoughts shall they,
Who shared those thoughts in other days,
And sang with echoing voice, each lay,
Participating in our pleasure,
Be absent; when the morning bosom
Shall call out our echoes on high,
Twined in each ray of light that glances
From the loved sun o'er earth and sky,
Their names shall be, and when at eve—
The meme from those we've left shall ascend,
Before the shrine of Genevieve
We'll think of them as low we bend.

Philadelphia, 1840. EDWARD.

From the London Friendship's Offering, for 1841.

Claude Rovani.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

Fruitful and heretical, and those not!
Both heaven and hell are in thee!
Jeremy Taylor.

"Can it be," thought her father, "that the mere conversation with me on the subject of her degenerate kinsmen, produces this lamentable effect, or is there some other cause?" Vague suspicion darted into his mind, but to question her was impossible, and he remained by her, despatching a messenger to the council stating the reason of his absence.

Having her father's word, which she knew to be inviolable, that he would not attend the council, she at last consented to take the composing medicine the physician had prescribed, and soon after sank into rest, with her father's hand fast locked in hers.

At one o'clock in the morning Lorenzo was awakened from his own room, feeling quite reassured by the tranquil and unbroken sleep of his child, when he was arrested by a hurt and murmur in the streets, accompanied by the quick, steady step of the armed police; presently there was a loud knocking at his gate; his household was immediately roused, and he himself proceeded to the outer court, where he was met by one of the council, his most intimate friends.

"Sad work, Lorenzo! three of our number" (repeating the sentence) "are sentenced to death, at the breaking up of the council, within the palace gates;—hark!—the tocsin!—the whole city is coming on foot; the palace and its precincts are under the strictest search, and we have run here to beg of you to show yourself and assist, for your name is much considered nationally;—your absence from the council, (a circumstance so rare,) as this eventful night, has been remarked."

"I will go with you instantly," exclaimed the old senator; "bring me my sword, and God grant me occasion and power to use it, although it be against my own degenerate flesh and blood! But come first with me, signors—you shall see my sick child whom I could not leave." They accompanied him to the chamber of Antonia, by whom, with Lucilla, the old man knelt down, and, her being awaked by this sudden clamor; but, although with cheeks and lips as white as the linen that embroidered her, and breathing short and unequally, she still slept. The senators, with a view to the defence of their friend, asked a few questions of the physician and were quite satisfied. Lorenzo gently kissed his daughter's brow, and departed with them.

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The fellow proceeded by a series of shrewdly put questions to elicit from his weak and unsuspecting auditor, sufficient to convince him that an interview had recently taken place between Antonia and Rovani; and perceiving that he, for whom he alleged, of guarding her young mistress from the consequences of so dangerous a connection, to notice which him in a quarter of a moment, and to communicate to him, from time to time, any circumstances, bearing on the subject, which might come under her notice.

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"Is my child worse?" was the first cry of alarm that shall I be able to support his presence, to receive his tenderness and pity, with the image of the forbidden Rovani so present to me? Can him compassion? I very soon!"

"Oh, I think I see him now; with an eye like an eagle's, at the head of a battalion, and a brow open and manly, as your own. He resembled you, my father, especially when he frowned and smiled; and (I must say it, because I am sure of it,) he loved and reverenced you as I do. Then, too, with all his life, courage, and intellect, with all his exalted boldness, and buoyant spirits, how respectful to our aunt! how kind ful of her comfort, how patient with her infirmities! but to you—to you—" (Antonia burst into tears) "my poor cousin! my dear, dear Claude!"

Her father rose and stood erect before her "Antonia!"—she looked up: "this is the first time the name of the recreant, Rovani, stone his proscription, has passed between us—much more! It must be the last. I am willing to believe then misled by thy youth and natural goodness that he to have innocently pleaded for the unworthy, but I warn thee, tempt me no further! Then deemest me severe to my sister's child; thou hast yet to learn that it is in my nature to be as severe to my own, should justice and the safety of my country require it. In Rovani I acknowledge but a traitor—a reckless, bold, designing traitor, destroying the peace and security of Venice; for, know, that within those few days our capital is filled with the assembled—no individual or family is safe; the blow falls in the dark, and in the night—on the land and on the water—in the private chamber, and in the public hall; placards are posted up by invisible hands, proclaiming that the dagger shall not be sheathed until all who voted for the death of Claude Rovani are no more. And will he stop there? You look terrified, Antonia: you are not aware to what a head this evil has risen. I have shielded you from this knowledge of it; but I now think it right to tell you all—to tell you that Venice has been in her bosom a nest of vipers, warmed into life by the treachery and revengeful fires, and that the government, secret and powerful as it is, has hitherto striven in vain to crush, or even to trace them. I did not vote for the banishment of the offender, being unfortunately absent at the time; but on my return, I publicly approved of the sentence. Nevertheless, rest assured that the government at this crisis will have its eye upon us. Be on your guard, Antonia: not only suppose, but charge your conscience to let not his name be breathed with an accent or pity even in the most sacred recesses of your chamber; drive him not only from your heart, but from your memory; and should he intrude at night it is the traitor Rovani alone that lives; therefore, think only of what is due to our country, to your self, and to your father!"

The old man turned away, and slowly disappeared.

Antonia remained with her eyes still intently fixed upon her father's face, and, when he disappeared with astonishment, grief, and fear: she struggled, however, with the stupor that was creeping over her, and, as her head dropped upon her knee, and a deep sigh escaped her.

"I wish I could weep!"

"Weep not, dearest Antonia!" whispered a voice close to her ear. She would have sprung from her seat, but an arm thrown round her waist retained her: a soothing hand took hers under her: the hand was partly revealed, the face almost touched her own, and the eyes seemed "to ride upon the ball of hers." The extremity of the shock saved her from insensibility, and she exclaimed, "Claude Rovani!"

"'Tis he—the recreant, the traitor, the outlawed and all save of them. I thank and bless thee, Antonia! Thou hast pleaded for me as an angel pleads, although in vain. Nay, struggle not to escape—I claim but a few moments—listen to me!"

"I must not—I dare not!" then clasping her hands she added:—"Oh Claude! what hast thou done?"

"I have done that which the meanest of the creeping will do, should crushed and trod upon, have turned upon my enemies—ay, and I will not leave my hold until I have made a wound as deep and as irremediable in the heart of Venice as she has in mine!"

A thought darted into the mind of Antonia, which, for an instant, chilled her with horror: "Rovani!" she exclaimed, "is it thou who hast been concealed and listening?—My father! my father, with secret-ignorant hand—"

"Signora Antonia!" cried out the girl, in a voice of greater alarm, advancing hastily toward the bower. "Now the saints defend us! Signor Rovani, if you are here and love her, think of the dews are falling! and all alone, too!—and why have you not answered me? I declare I shall be frightened!"

"I am not well, Lucilla; get me home, and in bed as soon as you can." It was too dark to her countenance, but Lucilla felt that her hands were cold that she trembled from head to foot, and that she was scarcely able to walk: she supported her home with abundance of exclamation and interrogation, to which Antonia made no reply. On reaching her chamber, Lucilla perceived that her young mistress had all the appearance of sudden illness, and was about to proceed to undress, and to place her in bed, left her as she desired, to request the attendance of her father.

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"Better two," replied the dreaded Rovani, "on such a service as this, than four."

"Then," pursued his companion, "we shall rise out the patience of our friends in Venice; they will not approves of our return, especially for no other object than to save the daughter of that haughty noble, Giarria Lorenzo."

"We will not apply to them; there is no need. I find that our object is utterly unattainable, you can take shelter with our friends, and I——"

"And you, my lord?"

"There is but one way for me to set."

There was a pause: "My dear master, let us speak no more on this point. I have vowed myself to your service: we have together shared dangers, and braved death; and at last cast, my lord, I will not fail you." They closed hands, and a short conference succeeded this parley.

On the evening of the twenty eighth day, Lorenzo met his excuse for not attending the council; his proud spirit bent at last to the pressure of grief and illness. He took to his bed, and his physician and sister-in-law were, for the first time, admitted. On the evening of the twenty-ninth, the physician obtained leave to appear before the council. He stated that his venerable patient was near his end, that there was little hope of his surviving beyond the next four-and-twenty hours, that he had expressed a wish for his son and daughter to be permitted to see his child before his death—before the death of both. Some favour was made to granting this prayer, unless Lorenzo could go himself to the prison of his daughter; but this was impossible, and after a little further consultation, it was permitted that she should pass the hour between eleven and twelve on the ensuing night with her father—her last hour—and that immediately after the interview she should be led to execution.

On the morning of the following day, the fatal thirtieth, two pilgrims arrived at the monastery adjoining the Belle Pont. One of them appeared ed travel-worn and ill, and they were admitted, as they desired, for a few hours' rest and refreshment. The one who was not ill, partook only of roots and water, and according to his vow, kept his face concealed. He appeared exceedingly devout, was very gentle in his manners, and full of information as to the countries he had visited: so much so, that, at the superior's alter-dinner leisure, he was sent for to narrate some of the interesting tales of which he was full. He was well led to win his way with the good priest, that the conversation was only broken off at vespers, to be resumed immediately afterward.

At vespers a prayer was put up for a guilty soul that was to depart that night.

On the renewal of their conversation, the pilgrim adventured to inquire for whom the prayer had been said.

The abbot sighed, and having cautiously looked round, replied: "for Antonia Lorenzo, the young heiress of old Garcia Lorenzo, his only child—sweet, pure thing! she is dying somewhat in the escape of that excess of hero, who has kept us all in hot water these three months past —Claude Rovani."

"Antonia Lorenzo!" repeated the pilgrim thoughtfully; "I have seen that name in a placard lately."

"Very likely, for they have given notice that unless her cousin surrender himself by this day, she should suffer death—a mere mockery. Who is to be supposed that this innocent child, (for it and the holy father crossed himself,) "or your great enemy in his shape—the many believe it is safest himself to same protect us!) would come to save her in body or soul?"

"Also, to!" sighed the pilgrim, dropping a bead, and seemingly using a prayer. "And the father?" he resumed, in a tone of consternation.

"He is heart-broken—he is dying; no near indeed is he to death, that it is doubtful whether he or his daughter will depart first." There was a pause.

"Is the quite certain?" inquired the pilgrim.

"Quite certain," continued the garrulous old abbot: "by the token that Fathers Francis and Bernardine are in attendance in the Palace Lorenzo that night to receive the condemned one there, not from her prison; and thence the guards and the father confessor to the place of execution—for the council has consented that she shall pass her last hour with her dying father."

"And she?" exclaimed the pilgrim, "what a world of woe is this!" By some further questions put with much art and caution, he became aware that the unfortunate prisoner was to depart, at a quarter before eleven, the prisoner was to be conveyed to her father's residence in a guarded litter, and, at a quarter before twelve, the monks were ready in their gondola at a side door, where the canal ran close to the Palazzo, thence sweeping round its gardens; that they were to receive her, the guards accompanying them thus the bank.

"She has probably," observed the pilgrim, "powerful friends at work for her deliverance; she might easily step into a strong gondola," he hinted significantly.

"That puts me in mind—" exclaimed the abbot, starting up without finishing his sentence, and sounding his call, a lay-monk appeared with father Francis whether he has yet reposed?" the pass-word." In a few minutes a small sealed paper was brought to the abbot; he broke the seal and held the paper up to the light, but the grim's eyes were quicker and more far-sighted than the old man's.

As soon as it was dark, the pilgrims, although pressed to stay the night, took their leave, and presently a confused murmur on the stairs, and footsteps ascending them. The sergeant of the guard announced himself at the portal, and by the foot of the stair-case, with some soldiers and servants, rushed in: "The prisoner has escaped!—the police, meanwhile has just arrived below, and will not allow the priests to pass, and declares the condemned one was carried off by them a quarter of an hour since, and that he is only accountable for one prisoner, not two. What is the meaning of all this, signors?"

"Help us with the door!" exclaimed the officers.

In a moment the door was forced; there lay the body of Lorenzo, but his daughter—where? Every search was made, every inquiry, but the officers enabled the written paper from the breast of the corpse: "Here! this may explain!" The lamp also was supported by two bold faces gathered round, astonishment strongly marked on all, varied only by fear and joy.

"Did you think to deceive the arch ger of Ideal: Didst thou think to scare the heart, and father the hand of Rovani?"

"Rovani!" exclaimed Antonia faintly.

"I have taken my victim from the arms of her dead father!—another of thy broken-hearted race!—Farewell! I commend me to thy Cursed Rovani!"

It is scarcely possible to describe the scene that ensued, and the consternation that spread among the officers of justice, the sergeant, and all the efforts of their commanders, neither the palace nor the military could be brought readily and accurately to pursue Rovani: they had now decided that he possessed supernatural powers, and where was the use of running after if disembodied? After the lapse of a day or two, however, intelligence was brought by some fishermen, that they had met a sailing boat on the down of the morning following that dreadful night: the boat

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"Mr. O'Mallet, your expulsion within twenty-four hours——"

"His, his, hares, hares, hares, hares?" drowned the roar, while Power, taking off the Doctor's cap, replaced it by a foraging cap, very much to the amusement of the party.

"There is no penalty the law permits of, that I shall not——"

"Help the Doctor," said Melville, placing a glass of punch in his unconscious hand.

"Now for a 'Viva in Champagne,'" said Telford, seating himself at the piano, and playing the first bars of that well-known air, to which, in our meetings, we were accustomed to improvise a doggerel in turn:—

"I drink to the graces, Law, Power, Divinity.
Viva in Champagne!
And here's to the worthy and learned of Trinity.
Viva in Champagne."

"Viva, viva la vo," &c. were chorussed with a silent thud, which the old walls, while Power took up the strain:—

"Though with lime-rape and gooseberry they look on like asses,
Viva in Champagne,
They'd rather have punch than the sponge of Parnassus.
Viva in Champagne.
What a noise the old gentlemen beat, by the way,
Viva in Champagne,
Either to meet and the devil from Botany Bay?
Viva in Champagne."

Words cannot give even the faintest idea of the poor Doctor's feelings while these strains of unholy verse were cheering around him. Held fast in his chair by Lechmere and another, he glowered on the visitors each around like a maniac, and on retirement that terrible threat could be taken with one to his situation seemed to have surpassed even his rage and resentment; and every now and then a deep thought would flash across his mind that we were mad, a sentiment which, unfortunately, our conduct was but too was calculated to inspire.

"So you're the morning lecturer, old gentleman, and have dropped in here in the way of business? pleasant; his you must have dropped in it," said Casey, now by far the most tipsy man present.

"If you think, Mr. O'Malley, that the event of this evening are to end here——"

"Very far from it, Doctor," said Power; "I'll drive up a 'sulky' and a horse for the use of 'Dublin,' They shall hear of it in every corner and nook of the kingdom."

"The Board of Trinity shall be a proverb for a fool called that loveth his bath," interposed our Fogus.

"And if you believe that such conduct is accidental," said the Doctor, with a withering sneer——

"Perhaps not," lisped Melville, tightening his belt; "I'll be deciding on carnival—with, Doctor?"

"Is that like him?" said Morrison, producing a caricature, which he had just sketched.

"Capital—very good—perfect. M'Cleary shall have it in his window by noon to-day," said Power.

At this instant some of the combustibles disposed among the rejected ballaments of my late vacation caught fire, and squibs, crackers, and detonating shells went off on all sides. The Bursar, who had not been dead to several hints and friendly suggestions, about setting fire to him, blowing him up, &c. with one voice, sprung like burst from his antagonists, and, clearing the table at a bound, reached the door. Before he could be seized he had gained the door-opened it, and was away. We gave chase, yelling like so many devils; but wine and punch, songs and speeches had done their work, and more than one among the pursuers succeeded his length upon the pave of the street, while the terrified Bursar, with the speed of terror, held on his way, and gained his chambers, by about twenty yards in advance of Power and Melville, whose pursuit only ended when the askew panel of the door shut them out from their victim. One hasty council of war was hereupon served for our farewell to our friend, and we returned to my rooms. By this time a regiment of those flaunt flaunters, yclept porters, had assembled around the door, and seemed bent upon giving battle in honor of their maltreated ruler; but Power explained to them, in a most speech, replete with Latin quotations, that their cause was a weak one, that we were more than their match, and, finally, proposed to them to finish the punch-bowl, to which we were really incompetent, a motion that met immediate acceptance; and old Casey, who had been left in our hands, and quite let in his other, wished me many happy days, and every luck in this life, as I stepped from the musical archway, and took my last farewell of old Trinity.

Should any kind reader feel interested as to the ulterior course which was pursued by the Bursar, I have only to say that the tortures of the "Board" were never fulminated against me, ourselves or companions as I had been informed them. The threat of giving publicity to the entire proceedings of the party, and the dread of figuring in a subpœny caricature in M'Cleary's window, were too much for the worthy Doctor, and he took the wisest course, under the circumstances, and held his peace about the matter. I too have done so for many a year, and only now recall the scene among the wild transactions of early days and and boyish follies.

* Botany Bay is the name alone given by Collegians to a very select and most friendly retreat from the wrath of members of the College.

Graf Heinrich.

A TRADITION OF THE RHINE.

Graf Heinrich stood on the turretted watch-tower—imposition was stamped on his features, while ever and anon he cast a searching glance along the road that wound towards him. The small fortress, on the loftiest tower, of which he was now standing, was well adapted to the post it had been constructed, for perched on the summit of one of those picturesque mountains that raise their ancient diadems above the banks of the Rhine, this strong hold commanded a distant view of the low of road from the Holy City of Cologne, whose capitol Colledge* rose in the distance among the surrounding houses, like Gulliver amid the Lilliputians, to the low important, but even these by no means unconsiderable towns of Bonn, situated on that eastern on the other side of Heinrich's castle. Nor was it a common scene that pointed out this commanding spot, as a sigh for the fortune we now speak of. The castle may well that a lots of the picturesque was a sufficient inducement to lead any man to adopt a resolution like that, as to be it. Beautiful as the every picturesque that ever inspired the pencil of Graf Heinrich would have been a considerable item in his consideration, but it was not the scenery alone his dusty domain; nor was that to his mind, half so enlivening as the attack of this band of knights—for such at once they were—and the thoughts of the shouts of victory and the return to its fortress loaded with spoil. Thus, then, was one of the many scenes easily made captive. The soldiers, now in double file, ranged themselves around the court, and the captured chieftain, almost dead with rage and vexation, was led into the midst. It was sunset.

"Thou didst promise me," cried the new triumphant Lieutenant, "thou didst promise, that the first captive that fell into my hands should be mine! I swore vengeance; mark now how fearfully I have redeemed my pledge. There, (pointing to the gate) there you then would'st have hindered me; give have, there shall be placed thy younger head—there shall those unbending features, now lit with the fire of defiance, be blanched in the cold look not with defiance at me—shiver, shiver thy soul—pray for thy guilty soul: the setting sun shall not see thee on the tight of thy gory head on high—my trophy."

And the old man had his wish, and the setting sun saw not only the head of Graf Heinrich perch-ed over the castle gate, but it looked also upon the flames as they curled upward to heaven, grossly devouring this den of iniquity.

The blackened and firebrand walls still remain in signal attestation of this horrific circumstance; and it is said that the unearthly shadow of Graf Heinrich, in punishment for his foul ingratitude and tyranny, is seen often among the ruins, with his head cut off, and arranged tenderly, as in the days of Count. Mr. Glentworth, in the course of his dancing soirées, has attempted to gain information from the Wernerites, and the latter have had the offer of the Glentworth estate, but they have declined, because the tenure of taking hold of the property, the end of which proposition reminds the lawyer of Mr. Glentworth's sixth Sherrif Archer, who had been, for some time before, dangling nearly behind his chandelier, one corner of his nose around Mr. Glentworth's body, and seldom cared to pull him away from the ceiling, for fear, at the same time, "I take possession of th as under a writ of delivery."

At the moment a scene of the most extraordinary description ensued. The Mayor ordered the officers to assist the Recorder, and the room, which was well filled with individuals of the most respectable characters at the annual confusion. The Mayor and District Attorney went to the assistance of the Recorder, while a general rush was made by all parties to the door. The Sheriff, however, was attended upon his back, and the papers seized from him by some unknown person, who is supposed to be desirous of the occasion which followed. A general melee ensued, complete confusion was the order upon the person of the Recorder, for the purpose of obtaining the papers. Mr. Justice Bell, in the court room from his seat. The District Attorney engaged himself in preventing the papers, and Mr. Gentworth, perceived some rough handling in the encounter. It was full one minute before the confusion in any way abated.

Finally, the District Attorney suggested to the Recorder the propriety of adjourning the Sheriff to preserve order. The Sheriff, who appeared, as did the Recorder, considerably agitated, then seated in the table, and after trapping with his hand upon it, declared the court to be adjourned. Mr. Glentworth and the Sheriff delivered some papers much torn and crumpled to the Recorder, and then the court broke up for the day, and the Recorder left.

The Recorder later this day adjourned the investigation of Mr. Glentworth, and said that, in consequence of that application, he had not the papers in his possession that they had been taken from the Sheriff. Whether some person whom he did not know, that he should see the papers in the hands of the Sheriff, or had put them at the disposal of the Sheriff for the purpose of using them in the ordinary manner, he could not say from what court the process had been issued.

Mr. Recorder Bell, in the Recorder, evinced as in the table and said that he appeared as the counsel for Mr. Glentworth. He had not the papers in his possession, but he presumed that a writ of habeas had been granted by Mayor Recorder and District Attorney in this case.

The Recorder, during his remarks, requested him more or twice to desist, but he continued, and at the last Mayor Recorder and District Attorney in this and stated to him the course which he thought was the proper one for him to pursue. Mr. Bell then inquired whether he had been a party in the disturbance in any way. The District Attorney replied in the negative, that he had been one of the persons who had been engaged in keeping back the crowd, and to keep the inmates of the room from approaching the Recorder.

Mr. Bell—I am much thank. I want the other end of the table. I prefer it to this end.

The District Attorney here asked the Recorder whether the room was in his possession at the present time of the Sheriff.

The Recorder stated that he considered it in his own possession.

The Mayor then demanded that the officers should continue at the door and prevent any person from entering.

The Recorder said he required to pass out, if he was to go to the Sheriff's office. He was anxious he was ready to give it—and finally concluded by stating that he believed he could produce the papers in obedience to the writ, unbroken, before Judge Edwards, the presiding Judge of the next day.

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At the stage two of some individual the names of Mayor Recorder and District Attorney in this case. The Recorder requested that if any person had in their possession the papers they would hand them to him in the course of the evening, for the purpose of producing them before Judge Edwards. The Sheriff having informed that he was willing that they should be given up, the papers were handed to the Recorder, and shortly after Mayor, Recorder, Justice Maxwell, and the District Attorney.

On the evening morning, the Recorder attended before Judge Edwards, but refused to deliver up the papers, suggesting as a reason therefor, that, if the papers could be replevied, it would be a precedent to prevent all written criminal evidence being delivered to such Judge for the purpose of the Sheriff having in his possession the papers, and been agitated in his mind, and should be delivered to Mayor, Recorder, Justice Maxwell, and the District Attorney.

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Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1840.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post has been removed to the South West Corner of Chestnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humoured countenances of our subscribers at any time.

Winter is Coming.

Old winter—that pinching gray-beard—with his fur-lined cloak, and shrugged shoulders, is at last among us. He has paid us, at least, a visit, and though it was only temporary, it is a timely warning that the old fellow will soon be along in earnest. Those who are clad in warm clothing, enjoying all the luxuries of life, and having only to sit, if they choose it, beside their ruddy fires, and laugh at the storm, may be inclined to look hard, biting misery of the hundreds of poor wretches, that go shivering during all the long dreary night, in the streets, or in their cold and cheerless dwellings, roaring down the chimneys and rattling the casements fiercely, by no means to the comfort of the inmates. But the friendless orphans who are breasting the tempest without, and too often without even a where to lay their heads—the houseless and the homeless, the naked, and the scantered himself will remaining the lieutenant himself of his original threat.

"Remember, old man," said he, "my word is pledged and I will keep it."

"So, too, may leaves from on me," was the proud retort, and the hour of sunset saw the gray head of the old robber's stronghold.

Meanwhile, at the good city of Cologne, the prince entertained no one to retaliate, had not been idle. The report made by the old lieutenant was perfectly correct, for a rich caravan (in which often about one-third of that period ventured to the coast) was actually about to leave the city on its way to Coblentz; the proposed time of its starting was the next day, without a moment's delay. The spy, however, not withstanding his experience, had not entirely succeeded in eluding suspicion. The pointed nature of his enquiries, hazarded apparently with as little caution, had induced one of the merchants to track his housereard path; and when it was discovered that he belonged to the household of the an distant chief, the greatest consternation spread itself through the whole caravan. Their departure was delayed that they might obtain an additional military escort, for which they applied to the authorities, but the castle in question for so long been the greatest obstruction to the security of this important road, that it was expedient not only to grant the terrified merchants the escort they asked for, but to take a little more active measures for putting an end to the annoyance. This was an undertaking quite easily designed than executed; a body of soldiers could not be sent to the castle without being deserted long before they could reach the tower, which would then immediately be put into a state of defence to withstand a prolonged siege. To force a passage into the castle would be morally impossible. Famine appeared the only chance, and against that those robber barons were ever provided. Under these circumstances, it was evident that stratagem alone could offer the slightest hope of success. A large military force, with a preconcerted measure, small parties of soldiers disguised in common dress, had proceeded from Bonn to form a junction with the river from Cologne, and landing at a spot where they might least excite suspicion, had carefully and unseen concealed themselves in the wood beneath the walls of the castle; more than a hundred armed men were thus secretly assembled, and it was agreed that when the signal should be given from the caravan, the strength of which would be intentionally concealed, these soldiers were to take immediate possession of the deserted fortress, and shut the gates against the return of the former garrison.

Turn we now to the devoted band, against which all these schemes were directed. Old Graf, pondering the means of his threatened vengeance, had transferred to a remote part of the battlements, where, from the quarter in question, he could not see it nothing but contradiction from beginning to end. The only fact which is endorsed by either party, is the transportation of specie to New York in the fall of 1836, under the direction of Glentworth. There is still, however, no connecting testimony to show that the specie was the property of the Wernerites, or that they went for any other purpose than, as the Whigs assert—to watch the polls and prevent the voting of votes, of the other party, and to have gone on from Philadelphia. Even to this hour, however, the respectable witness, at first implicated by the affidavit of Glentworth, does not appear to have been engaged—at least, even those contending that illegal votes were polled by the Whigs, do not now charge Glentworth with participating therein. The New York Standard a warm Van Buren paper, although expressing its belief that frauds have committed says expressly on this point, "as to the matter, or the knowledge and direction of one by Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn, Bowne, Denyer and Wetmore, as to both parties, we shall full and unqualified denial has yet been produced."

The same may be said of the respectable citizens in our own city at first charged with participation in this matter. The rest of the charges, either by the Whigs against the Van Buren party or by the Van Buren men against the Whigs, we leave to those who may have read the complicated testimony, which is too voluminous for publication in our columns.

We do not believe, however, that any party, or a party, has ever been, or is now engaged in election frauds. Our confidence in the virtue of our people forbids the idea. That there are bad men, however, always in both parties, we know; but these men often perpetrate frauds we neither deny ourselves, nor would we credit a denial from others. Such men will not only rob a nation, so long as human institutions, and human nature remains imperfect. But the acts of such men are not the acts of a party, no more than the crime of a pickpocket is charged to the party to which he belongs. We honestly believe that the great mass of both parties is honest in opinion. We believe that the only to be known among these is frowned down.

During the examination of some of the witnesses on Monday, a fight occurred in the court-room, which at once shows the excitement in New York, and proves to what disgraceful lengths party spirit can lead its votaries. The subjoined account of it is taken from the N. York Sun of Tuesday morning, a neutral print which has endeavored to preserve its impartiality, and which, however, is conducted in a manner to read them, sealed them up, and put them in their place on the point until Monday. On the day he stated that they should be read. Then entered the following

Extraordinary Scene.

After the Recorder had delivered this opinion he took from his coat pocket the parcel which he supposed to contain the question, and handed it to the Mayor, requesting him to examine it, and ascertain whether the seal which he had affixed to it was in the same state as when put in the Sheriff's possession. The Mayor examined it and replied that it was. The Recorder then handed it back to the Recorder who handed it to Mr. Glentworth, to examine if

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum. $2 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance for six months.

Subscriptions commenced to begin from letter subscribed to. The word "Post" or itself is not a frank.

All letters to the Post Office must be post paid, or they will not be taken from the Post office or the postage in advance. The end of the current half year is the time when all subscriptions expire, and then only at the option of the Publisher if not previously ordered.

Back Numbers of current Bank received in payment are not filled.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult at times to keep the paper regularly supplied, and a little time paid for.

Any deficiency will be rectified in the next paper.

Remittals must always state the Post office received on, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Financial Record.

CONVERTIBLE NOTES.—One hundred dollar cash deposit bills on the Bank of Cleveland are taken through the eastern portion of Ohio. The bills are well executed that several have been taken by the Cincinnati banks as genuine. Their numbers vary from 430 to 470.

Political Intelligence.

Pennsylvania Returns.

The result of the Election in Pennsylvania, is now placed beyond a doubt. The official returns have been received from all the counties except two, Cambria and Jefferson, and the reported result in these, cannot vary much from the truth. With the exception of a slight difference in one or two counties, and an error of the printers in placing Franklin county on the wrong side, the official majorities agree pretty accurately with the reported one given by us last week. The whole majority at this election may be set down at about 6,000, or between six hundred and forty, for the Van Buren Congressional ticket.—The majority for Governor Porter, in 1838 was seventeen thousand five hundred and forty, and in 1836 the majority for Mr. Van Buren, was 1 or thousand three hundred and sixty-one. Next week we will be able to give the vote in full of the electoral vote, polled yesterday in Pennsylvania, as well as the probable result of the elections in Maryland, Ohio, New York, and other states.

The Naturalization Frauds.

The Grand Jury on M-onday last, made a presentment in relation to those frauds, implicating the clerk of the Criminal Sessions. We know not the evidence upon which the clerk is implicated, and of course the testimony before the Grand Jury was wholly "ex parte." The presentment will of course be left to the officer, that possess an opportunity for justifying himself, if unmoved, before his fellow citizens. The reputation of a fiend is a jewel, consequently the clerk of the respectable party, ought to be sufficient to wash him thoroughly among his fellow men, as with the brand of Cain. There is strong language but he who would be guilty of such an act, is too little better than a traitor to his country.

Side Election.

The returns from Ohio are all in, and though not all official, there is little doubt as to the result of the election of Mr. Wiggin. Corwin has received about 28,527, and Shannon about 11,249 votes, for the gubernatorial chair. The remainder of the Whig candidates is therefore 17,278, from which it cannot vary more than a few votes. This is a gain of upward of 13,000 over the Whig strength of 1838, when they carried the state by a majority of 5137 for the Van Buren ticket.

The new Senate will consist of 20 Democrats and 14 Whigs. House 49 Whigs and 23 V. B. men. Whig majority in joint ballot, 16.

GEORGIA ELECTION.—The counties have all been officially received from several there, and the returns from the latter are believed to be correct. For Congress Mr. Dawson, the highest on the Whig ticket, has a majority of 4468 over Cooper, the highest on the locofoco ticket. Jones, Iverson and Patterson, the lowest on the Democratic ticket. In the Senate the Whigs have 48, the Democrats, 44, a loss of 10 of each. In the House of Representatives, the Whig majority is about 36.

Philadelphia Election.

Owing to the early hour at which our edition compels us to go to press, we find it impossible to say any thing in relation to the result in Philadelphia. Both parties have been during this week, canvass shown great activity. We shall be enabled next week to give our readers the result from this city, as well as the counties of the interior.

ELECTORAL ELECTIONS.—The choice for Presidential Electors in the several States, takes place as follows viz

	Day of Election	No. of Electors
Maine,	Nov. 2	10
New Hampshire,	" 9	7
Massachusetts,	" 9	14
Rhode Island,	" 4	4
Connecticut,	" 9	8
Vermont,	" 10	7
New York,	" 2,3,4,	42
New Jersey,	2 and 4,	8
Pennsylvania,	Oct. 30,	30
Delaware,	Nov. 2	3
Maryland,	" 6,	10
Virginia,	" 12,	17
North Carolina,	" 12,	15
South Carolina,	by Legis	11
Illinois after	" 25,	11
Georgia,	" 11,	11
Alabama,	" 2,	7
Tennessee,	" 12,	15
Kentucky,	" 2,	15
Ohio,	" 2,	21
Illinois,	" 2,	5
Mississippi,	" 2,	4
Michigan,	" 2,	3
Louisiana,	" 2,	5
Ohio,	Oct. 30,	21
Missouri,	Nov. 2,	4
Arkansas,	" 2,	3
		294

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—*Secretary of Public Moneys* in Michigan, Mr. Wetmore, and not Isaac Jackson, deceased.

Lieutenant R. Neal, to Danville, in vice Thomas Sutton, deceased, and not resigned.

MARYLAND.—The Presidential Election in Maryland will take place on the second day of November, and not on the 5th as some papers continue to say. It is single.

OHIO.—At the election recently held in the State of Ohio, 230,000 votes polled.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH STEAM FRIGATES.—As no previous idea prevails, at present, with regard to the steam power of the rival nations of France and England. Many people suppose that there is no great disparity in steam war vessels, which is not so. Great Britain possesses not only more steam vessels, but by one thirty-four and it is to be remarked that thirty-one of the English steamboats gave a force of five thousand nine hundred and forty horse power, and that the whole thirty-four of the French, give only five thousand one hundred and twenty horse power. The French have also seven more steam vessels, but Great Britain has independent of her war steamers, passenger steamers of One Hundred and Seventy-one steamers, giving a total force of sixty-eight thousand one hundred and forty-five horse power, which is more than ten times, of from four hundred and fifty to seven hundred horse power.

WINE LAST MONDAY.—It did not snow much here on Monday, a sensation, was a kind of sensation obtained a verdict for $250 Hopper, master of that vessel.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—A verdict of $2000 damages was lately given in Kentucky to a person, who had brought a suit against the proprietors of a line of stage coaches, for shooting one, and fracturing the ankle of the plaintiff. The case had previously been decided in his favor and $1000 awarded. An appeal was taken to a higher court, and that of $2000 more was the consequence.

TRIAL OF ELDRIDGE.

[Continued]

George Clay, affirmed.—I am in the Bank of Pennsylvania; I have examined the books of the bank and find no account kept with W. M. Eldridge during the last three years.

Cross-examined.—I am bank keeper in the bank. Mr. Smith left our bank about the beginning of April. Mr. Smith's defalcations were about $180,000.

Peter Grant, affirmed.—I live at No. 20 Second street, above Chestnut; I first became acquainted with Dr. Eldridge on the 11th of September, 1839, a gentleman brought him to me to take my office; he had the office with me on the 12th of September; he boarded at the Mexico House, in Chestnut street; he left in July, two or three days before he took lodgings with me; he took his meals with me; Mr. Lowell's wife boarded with me; I saw Dr. Eldridge with spectacles on; I never saw him with any spectacles in his possession; I have seen him with spectacles on; Dr. Eldridge on the 29th of April, I think, came to my house; recollection of seeing him on the 30th of April; he went out of the house very early in the morning; I had noticed before in the morning on the evening of the 30th of April; he was in the habit of going out early in the morning; I noticed he was generally locked during his absence; he slept in my house on the night of the 29th of April; I think he has slept on the morning of the 30th of April; it had been out on the morning of the 29th.

Cross-examined.—I was present at the search by the officers of Dr. Eldridge's effects; I was not present when sent at the time of the search by the constables; no one else was present when I was present; I was not required if I saw any. Dr. Eldridge, to my knowledge, never dressed himself out of my house; I recollect the day of his street walk; he did not change his clothes that day that I know of; I think he went out in the dark clothes on the day of his arrest; he was out in the morning and returned; I think he breakfasted with me; on the evening of the 30th of April; he was in the habit of going out early in the morning; I think

THE OLIO.

> Variety's the spice of life,
> That gives it all its flavor.
>
> —Cowper.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

To ——

By Bridal Gossip, M.D.

There's beauty in the sunny land,
That lights the soul to love,
As o'er the clouds its sunshine pours,
From those bright orbs of love.

Those orbs like stars that ionon on high,
To light the shades of night,
That gild the pathway of the sky,
And ope the veil of Heaven.

Those every ray that shines in sky,
"The Ivy Promethean mists,"
With bright effulgence lights those eyes,
And mirrors forth thy soul.

Thine eye whose eloquence reveals,
What cannot now be told,
Whose every sparkling glance unveils,
The heaven's innermost soul.

Philadelphia, Oct. 20th, 1838.

VERY AGREEABLE.—"Comin William," said a merry middle-aged young girl the other day, in our hearing; "what do you think I heard a pretty young lady say of you?"

William blushed and looked as grave as the circumstances that a "pretty young lady" had said something of him would allow.

"I don't know—something good I hope. Who was it, Cis?"

"Shan't tell you! but it's the truth; a very pretty girl *did* say something about you."

"Well, tell me what it was."

"I shan't, unless you will give me that Annual that I wanted."

"Well, agreed—you shall have it—now tell me!"

"Well now—don't blush so—she said you were the ugliest looking man she ever laid her eyes on!"—and ran into the house ring again a merry laugh that made the house ring again.

CHANCE DEPARTURES.—Looks—The first billets-doux of love. Happiness—A gratification of that emotional being, which every body runs after, but no one catches. Sensibility—A gift of heaven to multiply the measures and pains of life. Wisdom—A shield that preserves its possessor from the mists of which his fellows surround him. Society—A state of constant slavery in which no one lives for himself, or to himself! Absence—The mind of death. Love—An egotism divided by two. Military glory—Smoke on ruins. Indifference—Absence of all sentiment, or the feeling of the wanderer of Massachusetts, universal language, which harmoniously raises the remembrances of the heart. Honor—The soul's patrimony. Economy—A whole soul, where no quality of the heart accompanies it.

BRAN.—Among the standing products of New England, next to ice and pumpkins, beats take the lead. Vessels fitted out in that part of the country carry a barrel of beans to every half barrel of bread, and a quintal of codfish to every ton pound of beef. A Beverly Captain once boasted of his talents at half-mast, on the wide ocean, and thus operated on the humanity of another Captain who came down and boarded him. There was found beef enough, water enough, fish enough, beef and pork enough—but only three barrels of beans, for ten men, who had yet a month's passage before them. It is necessary to say that the circumstances of the case authorized the signal of distress.

POLITICAL IMPERTINENCE REMEDIED.—We overheard the following conversation on the election ground last week; the reply of the independent voter, pleased us very much.

"Have you voted?" said one person to another who had apparently just come from depositing his vote.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Which way did you vote, if it's a fair question?"

"I voted by ballot, sir, and am I pleased."

The other walked off.

ANECDOTE.—The late Rev. Dr. ——, of a neighboring town, an eccentric but honest minister, was once preaching on the practical virtues, and—noting a short time previous bought a load of wood of one of the officers of the church, and finding it fall short in measure, took this occasion to rebuke those guilty on the subject:—"Remember that will sell seven feet of wood for a cord, so no Christian, whether he sits in the gallery, below, or even in the deacon's seat!"

THE SEPOY TAUBER.

An electric fish has touches down.
A friend has leaking propose
Poisoned in the skies, and asked his name:
"Why, Xerxes," was the answer.
"And 'tother 'fit,' pray what's he called.
"Because he some what jerks us!"
"Oh, hang it man, of course," said Bob.
"His name is ANTHE XERXES!"

SCENE IN A GRAND JURY ROOM.—Question by Grand Juror: Mr. ——— are you in the habit of visiting gregueries? Ans: No sir, not since I joined the temperance society. Quest. Have you seen any gambling going on? Ans. Not since I say you betting at the race-course. Quos. by the Foreman: Gentlemen, have you any thing more to ask the witness?—(Exit witness amid general merriment.

ANECDOTE.—After the battle of Salamanca, an Lord Hill, the British General, was walking over the blood-stained field, he observed a soldier in a gloomy mood, leaning upon his firelock. Struck with his manner, he advanced and asked what he was thinking about. The soldier answered—"Of the number of widows and orphans I have this day made for a shilling."

ELOPED.—The Oswego Whig, mentions that Mr. Lyman Tripp, merchant tailor, and a married man, a few days since eloped with Miss Emily Wing.

NOT TO BE WANT the letting couple skip.
Black only gone to take a pleasant trip.
And he, just like a lost, or some such thing,
Has left behind him white lines for his wing!

A CONTRABAND.—A fellow pretending to be in a fit, was carried from the street, in New Orleans, into a grocery store and kept upon the counter, where brandy was poured down his throat, and he recovered. A wag, happening to be present, said the fellow was a rogue, and the fit was a counter fit.

PAINTED RELIEF.—A singing master, while teaching his pupils, was visited by a brother of the tuneful art. The visiter observing that his chanter-door was loose soundly, said, "Sir, do you not use a pipe?" "No, sir," with admirable gravity, replied Sassafrass, "I chew."

A LAWYER'S ADVICE.—Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend who asked his opinion as to the probable success of his son in the world:—"Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune—marry, and spend his wife's—and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession."

ECONOMY.—"My son, said an affectionate mother to her son, who resided at a distance, and requested him to send her a basket, "you are getting very thin." "Yes, mother," he replied, "I am, and when you see me next, I think you will see my ribs."

CONTRADICTION.—Dr. Parsons," said a gentleman to the great "Grecian," with whom he had been disputing—"Dr. Parsons, my opinion of you is most contemptible." "Sir," returned the doctor, "I never knew an opinion of yours that was not contemptible."

A LONG FIB.—Mr. J. W. Long, of the Southern Crisis, saken, "Wrote will the editor of the Lonisville Journal learn to tell the truth?" To which Prentice replied, "There's no doubt but we shall tell it *before Long*."

RARE OFF.—The *New Era* says, Jacob Acker lacked out the *fellow* who assaulted alderman Noah; what did he hall him out for? was it a cider barrel, a hogshead, or a puncheon.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(Continued from our last.)

By morning's light, however, but oftener still by evening's gentle light, the child, with a request for the short and happy intercourses of the two sisters, which finished how to approach, and my a thankful word, although she yearned to do so, followed them at a distance in their walks through the streets, and when they passed out into the green when they sat down, rising when they went on, and finding it a companionship and delight to be near them. Their evening walk was by a river's side. Here, every night, the child was, too, unseen by them, unthought of, unregarded; but feeling as if they were her friends, as if they had confidences and trusts together, as if her load were lightened and hers hard to bear; as if they mingled their prayers, and blessed one another.

Their residence. It was a weak fancy perhaps, the childish fancy of a young and lonely creature; but, night after night, and still the stores loomed in the same place, and still the child fellow with a mild and softened heart.

She was much startled, on returning home one night, to find Mrs. Jarley and her wonderful collection. Mrs. Jarley had commanded an announcement to be prepared, to the effect that the stupendous collection would only remain in its present position for a few days longer, a fact sufficient of which threat (for all announcements connected with public assemblies are well known to be irresistible and of most exact), the stupendous collection shut up next day.

"Are we going from this place directly, ma'am?" said Nell.

"Look here, child," returned Mrs. Jarley. "Don't inform you." And so saying, Mrs. Jarley produced another announcement, and in it the child stood, that, in consequence of numerous inquiries at the wax-work door, and in consequence of crowds having been disappointed in obtaining admission, the Exhibition would be continued for one week longer, and would re-open next day.

"For, now that the schools are gone, and the regular night-nurs established, said Mrs. Jarley, "we come to the General Public, and they want stimulating."

Upon the following day, at noon, Mrs. Jarley established herself behind the highly-ornamented table, attended by the distinguished effigies before mentioned, and ordered the doors to be thrown open for the re-admission of a discerning and enlightened public. But the first day's operations were by no means of a remunerative character, inasmuch as the general public, though they manifested a lively interest in Mrs. Jarley, personally, and each of the wonders established as soon as seen for nothing, were not affected by any impulses moving them to the payment of sixpence a head. Thus, notwithstanding that a great deal of bread and the treasury was any thing the richer, or that the prospects of the establishment were at all encouraging.

In the dispensation of the classical market, Mrs. Jarley made extraordinary efforts to stimulate the popular taste, and what the popular curiosity could not accomplish, was left for the effect on the heads over the door was cleaned up and put in motion, so that the figure shook its head paralytically all day long, to the great admiration of a drunken, but very good-natured, sailor over the way, who looked upon the said paralytic motion as typical of the degrading effect wrought upon the human mind by the consumption of Rum! The contents of the collection were also carefully rearranged, and those figures displayed, which, from their great eloquence and morality. The two carters mentioned, passed in and out of the exhibition room, under various disguises, protesting aloud that the sight was better worth the money than any thing they had looked at yet, and though it was urging the bystanders, with tears in their eyes, not to neglect such a brilliant gratification. Mrs. Jarley sat in the parlor, knitting peacefully, and says from noon till night, and solemnly calling upon the crowd to take notice that the prize of sixpence was not withdrawn, and that on the departure of the whole collection, on a short tour among the Crowned Heads of Europe, was positively fixed for that day week.

"So, he is time, he is time, he is time," said Mrs. Jarley, at the close of every such address. "Remember this is Jarley's stupendous collection of upward of three Hundred Figures, and that it is the only collection in the world; all others being impostors and deceptions. He in time, in time, he in time!"

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

As the course of this tale requires that we should become acquainted, somewhere hereabouts, with the two gentlemen who were left with the domestic economy of Mr. Sampson Brass, and as a more convenient place than the present is not likely to occur for the purpose, the kind-hearted reader will be friendly reader by the hand, and springing with him into the air, and clearing the same at a greater rate than ever Dan Cleophas Leander, Furez Zambello and his familiar travelled through that pleasant region in company, alight with him upon the pavement of Bevis Marks.

The intrepid aeronauts alight before a small dark house, once the residence of Mr. Sampson Brass.

In the parlor window of this little habitation, which is so close upon the footway that the passenger who takes the wall brushes the dirt from his coat-sleeve, and regularly blackens his hand, that simplicity and plainness are the soul of elegance, Miss Brass was seen at an earlier hour than usual, actively employed in the parlor window, rubbing away at the brass door-plate, which, with a corresponding brass inscription, which, if the imagination had been sustained by her active, might have been mistaken for a board. These were, however, in all other respects, a mere door, of the ordinary kind, a strong place, as the eyes of Miss Brass were quite free from any such natural imperfections. In addition, however, to the brass plate—another is forty-seven as to speak—but this box was agreeably relieved by the healthy glow which mantled on the countenance of its fair occupant. Her face was exceedingly impressive—deep and rich in quality, and, once heard, not easily forgotten. Imagine a broad moon, with a dash under each nostrils the curtain of the office window, made tight to the figure, and determining at the throat, where it was fastened behind by a peculiarly large and black button. Fasten on to these, that simplicity and plainness are the soul of elegance, Miss Brass was seen to collar or kerchief, composed of a material resembling net, ornamented with a brown gauze scarf, like the wing of the fabled vampire, and which, twisted into any form that suited the wearer, clipped itself, formed an easy and graceful head-dress.

Such was Miss Brass in person. In mind, she was a trifle more genteel, having, to use her own favorite, youth devoted herself with an uncommon ardour to the study of the law; not indeed, to the study of those dull books, which are rare, but tracing it attentively through all the slippery and eel-like crawlings in which it enormously pursues its way. Not that she, like many others, was content to be confined herself to theory, or stopped short where practical usefulness begins; inasmuch as she could engross, tolerably, fill up printed forms with perfect accuracy, and in short transact any ordinary duty of the office down to pasoning a skin of parchment or drawing out a deed. These things, however, and how, possessed of these combined attractions she should remain Miss Brass; but whether she had not, in the secret recesses of her heart, sighed for those who might have wooed and won her, were deluded by fears that, being learned in the law, she might have no law for fingers' ends, these particular statutes which regulate what are fastidiously termed actions for breach, certain it is that she was still in a state of celibacy, and still in possession of her old stool opposite to that of her brother Sampson. And equally certain it is, by the way, that between these two stools a great many people had come to the ground.

One morning Mr. Sampson Brass sat upon his stool enjoying some legal pruones, and vicariously exercising his mind to state at the entry and the figures therein displayed; and ruminated there by the hour at a time, to bear the barrel-organ played under the street door, and notwithstanding that they were kind enough to recommend their friends to patronize the exhibition in the like manner, and that in other way are regularly blocked by half the population of the town, who, when they went off duty, were relieved by the other half; it was found that the treasury was any thing the richer, or that the prospects of the establishment were at all encouraging.

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